

Single Songbook
Binder #5

Title: Songs of the 11th FIS

Author:

Branch of Service: U.S. Air Force

Unit/Agency: 11th Fighter Interceptor Squadron (FIS)

Date:

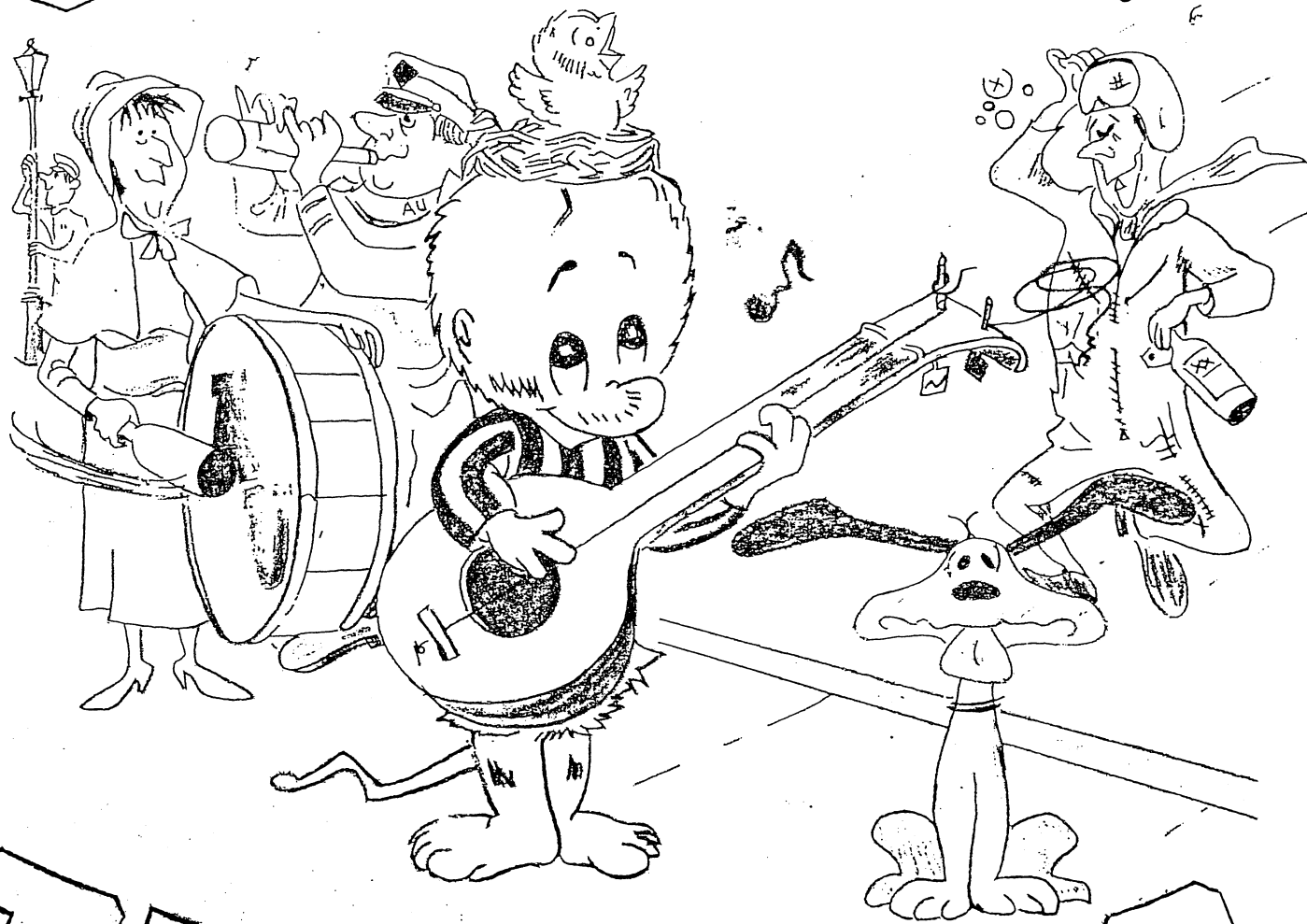
Place:

Source: ~~W.~~ Bill Getz collection

Note: Title page and index included. (Index functions as Table of Contents)
31 pages total.

Two copies included.

SONGS OF



THE 11TH FLE

INDEX

SONG	PAGE	SONG	PAGE
After the Ball	72-27	Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk	41-16
Air Force 806	35-13	Manilla Pom-Pom Song	71-27
Air Force Has Gone to Hell, The	40-15	Minnie the Mermaid	23-9
Air Force Song, The	67-26	My Darling 102	79-30
Alice Blue Gown	69-27	My Gal's a Corker	57-22
Beside a Minnesota Waterfall	12-4	Nellie Darling	49-19
Bloody Great Wheel	52-20	No Balls at All	54-21
Blue Heaven	70-27	Now Here's a True Story	11-4
Boeing Tanker, The	13-4	Ode to the Operations Officer	36-13
Boozin Buddies	30-11	Old 97	39-15
Brown, Brown	44-18	Old Grey Bustle	63-24
Brown Mouse	20-8	Old Man's Lament	53-22
Cats on the Roof Tops	48-19	O'Leary's Bar	21-8
Chug-A Lug	5-2	On a Stump	47-18
Come on and Join the Air Force	31-11	On Top of Old Pyong-Yang	37-14
Coming Down the Hill	28-10	O'Riely's Daughter	51-20
Digging Up Father's Grave	29-11	Our Outhouse	45-18
Early Abort	42-17	Paddy Murphy	27-10
Fighter Pilots	6-2	Parties, Banquets and Balls	2-1
Give Me Operations	14-5	Please Don't Put Your Pants On	65-25
Group Headquarters	7-3	Prang 'Em All	33-12
"G" Suits and Parachutes	38-14	Pusan U	26-10
Hail the Falcon	3-1	Ravished	68-26
Hand on the Throttle	8-3	Roll Your Leg Over	56-22
Here's to the Regular Air Force	43-17	R.O.T.C.	82-31
Hi-Jig-A-Jig	59-23	Sally in the Alley	25-9
How the Money Rolls In	46-18	Sammy Small	64-24
Humoresque	53-21	Save a Fighter Pilot's Ass	16-6
If You Fly an 89	76-28	Sharecrop	18-7
I Love My Wife	60-23	Sidney Special	50-19
I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress	83-31	Somebody Stole My Drawers	22-9
I'm Looking Under	58-23	Souse Family, The	24-9
It's Tragic	75-28	South of the Navel	64-25
I Wanna Go Home	15-6	Stand to your Glasses Ready	1-1
I Wanted Wings	34-12	Those Swinging Doors	77-29
Jet Pilots in the Sky	80-30	Three Jolly Pilots	19-8
K.C. Rolls, The	10-3	Tip Tanks and Tail Pipes	17-7
Last Night I Held a Little Hand	73-28	Together	62-24
		U.S. Chair Force Song	81-30
		We Fly Leuces	78-29
		Went Flying	4-1
		West Michigan Street	74-28
		Wiffenpoof's Song, The	66-26
		You can Tell a Fighter Pilot	9-3

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES READY

(To be sung standing with glasses raised)

(1)

We stand 'neath the resounding rafters
The walls around us are bare
They echo back our laughter
Seems that the dead are all there

Each died the death of a hero
In wreckage of wire and steel
For mortal stakes they gambled
With cards that were stacked for the deal

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses ready
This world is a world of lies
Her's a health to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man to die

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With a trail of smoke behind us
Toshow where our comrades have gone

Denied by the God who bore us
Leaving the ones they held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

(Take me out to the ball game)

(2)

Parties, banquets and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
As our good colonel has said before
There's only one way to stay out of war
That's with parties, banquets and balls, boys
Parties banquets and balls
We'll have parties and banquets
And banquets and parties
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
Hello, Hello, Hello!

HAIL THE FALCON

(Clementine)

(3)

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon
With his tail up in the air,
----- name--rank-----
You can kiss what's under there.

RETORT (example):

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon,
I (we) Heard you when you sang
I (we) didn't like it, but I'll (We'll) kiss it
Cause tomorrow you will PRANG

WENT FLYING

(See #85)

(4)

(Ghost riders in the sky)
The ~~the~~ troops went flying, one dark and windy day
And as they taxied by I could hear the colonel say
I see my boys are flying and I feel so goddam proud
The ~~the~~ Fighter Squadron's going to penetrate a cloud.

(** Put in your own outfit.)

Here's to _____ He's true blue
 He's a drunkard through and through
 He's a rounder, so they say
 He tried to get to heaven
 But he went the other way

So dring chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug
 So drink chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug

Hooray for _____
 Hooray at last
 Hooray for _____
 He's a horses ass

FIGHTER PILOTS

(6)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
 The pãace is full of queers,
 Navigators, Bombardiers
 But therẽ are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
 Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
 The auto pilot's on,
 He's reading sex books in the jøhn
 Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
 His gyros are uncaged,
 And his women overaged
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group
 The place is full of brass
 Sitting 'round on thier fat ass
 Oh there ore no fighter pilots up in group

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
 Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
 It'll wreck your reputation,
 And increase the population
 Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

Oh look at those from SAGE in our club
 Oh look at those from SAGE in our club
 They don't party they don't sing
 The llth does everything
 Oh look at those from SAGE in our club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
 When a bomber jockey walks into our club
 He don't drink his share of suds
 All he does is flub his dub
 When a bomber jockey walks into our club

FIGHTER PILOTS (cont'd)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
They are all up above, drinking whiskey, making love,
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

GROUP HEADQUARTERS ✓

(7)

(Pepsi-Cola)

Group headquarters that's the spot
Three bull colonels, that's a lot
Six or seven L.C.s too
Group headquarters is the place for you
Chicken chicken chicken etc.

HAND ON THE THROTTLE (Chant)

(8)

LEADER: Hand on the throttle (Repeat in unison)
All eight of them (Repeat in unison)
Release the brakes (Repeat in unison)
All sixteen of them (Repeat in unison)
ALL SING TOGETHER: Off we go, into the wild blue yonder.... CRASH!\$

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(9)

(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much

THE K.C. ROLLS

(10)

(Battle hymn of the republic)

The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
And rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls.

CHORUS: Glory glory water injection
Glory glory water injection
Glory glory water injection
For it rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
And rolls and rolls and rolls.

The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
And hours and hours and hours and hours and hours and hours and hours.

CHORUS: Glory glory rubber cushions
Glory glory rubber cushions
Glory glory rubber cushions
For it flies for hours and hours and hours and hours
And hours and hours and hours.

NOW HERE'S A TRUE STORY
(Sweet Betsy from Pike)

(11)

Now here's a true story that you ought to hear
The reason why all bomber jockeys are queer
While going through flight school the instructor did shout
It's bombers for you or we're washing you out

They took to the heavens with ten men aboard
And after a week they were all quite bored
And after they landed, or so I've heard tell
Each one of the ten were just queerer than hell (Last line in squeaky voice)

BESIDE A MINNESOTA WATERFALL

(12)

Beside a Minnesota waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered log a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a near-by tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
And there's poker every night
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing
With many lewd nude women

Oh death where is thy sting
Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ting a ling
For you but not for me

Oh... Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye

THE BOEING TANKER

(13)

(The great ship Titanic)

Oh they built the Boeing tanker, and when they were through
They said "Here is a ship that will fly a month or two"
But a wire touched a wire and it started up a fire
It was sad when the K.C. went down

CHORUS: Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad
It was sad when the K.C. went down (into Boston)
Husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost thier lives
It was sad when the K.C. went down

They were cruising over Boston when the colonel gave a shout
"Airman, get below and put that fire out!"
The airmen went below, they were the first to go
It was sad when the K.C. went down

And they were awaiting instructions to bail out
The colonel tried to give them but he couldn't get them out
You see, he had a lisp, so they all burned to a crisp
It was sad when the K.C. went down

X

The tanker hit old Boston with a terrifying roar
It bore into a school house tween the first and second floor
School busses in the street were filled with cooking meat
It was sad when the K.C. went down

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

(14)

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate
They'll loop and they'll spin but they soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk
It flew like an arrow but it's gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug but it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun
But with coolant tank dry you'll soon run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61 for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F- Shooting Star, It'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me an F Shooting Star

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate but they pulled out too late
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

(Don't give me an 86-D with over drive and TV
She won't go too fast and she'll clobber your ass)
Don't give me an 86-D

(Don't give me an F-89 though "Time" says she really will climb
They're all in the states all boxed up in their crates
Don't give me an F-89)

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Cont)

(Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score)
(It may fly in weather but wont hold together
Don't give me an F-94

(Don't give me an F-one oh oh, it flies like a sled we all know)
(It may go mach one, but that's not much fun
Don't give me an F-one oh oh

(Don't give me an F-101, the pilots don't have any fun)
(It's engines are twins but it still augers in
Don't give me an F-101

(Don't give me an F-102 the dart that you see in the blue)
(Their pilots all wail that it has no tail
Don't give me an F-102

(Don't give me an F-104 some call it a dirty old whore (girl))
(It may hurt a Mig but it's still just a pig
Don't give me an F-104

I WANNA GO HOME

(15)

I wanna go home, I wanna go home
I don't want to fly in this farce any more
Leave the mess for the regular corp
Take me off alert
I'm too young to get hurt
Oh...My... I'm too young to die
I just wanna go home

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

(16)

It was midnight in Duluth, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____ and this is what he said
(I hate this bloody place)
"Pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all
Night fighters, gentle night fighters." and the pilots shouted "BALLS"
When up stepped a young lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those goddam 102s and shove them up your ass."

CHORUS: Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah
Throw a nickle in the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah
Throw a nickle in the grass and you'll be saved

Lying in the gutter, all covered over with beer
Pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came the glorious Airforce to save me from the hearse
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse

I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked alright
I turned from base to final, my God I pulled it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday spin instructions please

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (Cont'd)

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Heard a call from mobile, "Pull up and go around! "
I yanked that deuce up in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost spit, the gear came through the floor

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES
(Bless 'em all)

(17)

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man (Convair) for building this jet
I know a man who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go right through the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

Through the wall, Throught the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

SHARECROP

(18)

(You are my sunshine).

You are my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop
You guide my fighters through skies of grey
I chase your bogies from here to Fargo
Just to find they went the other way

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard a Sharecrop controller say
I've got a bogie way down by Bismark
Won't you head your jet that-a-way

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Bismark and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope

You were my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swinging, they heard me singing
Won't you take my sharecrop away

THREE JOLLY PILOTS

X
(19)

Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel
Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel
Then they decided to
Then they decided to
Then they decided to.....
Have another brew or two

CHORUS: Drink, drink and let's be gay
Drink, drink and let's be gay
Drink, drink and let's be gay
Let's have another

For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober
For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober
Fades as the lilly fades
Fades as the lilly fades
Fades as the lilly fades
And dies by next October

But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow
But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow
Lives as he ought to live
Lives as he ought to live
Lives as he ought to live
And dies a happy fellow

BROWN MOUSE ✓

(20)

Oh... The whiskey was spilt on the bar room floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When... Out of his hole crept a little brown mouse
And he sat in the pale moon light

He... licked up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And... all night long you could hear him shout
Bring on your goddam cat

O'LEARY'S BAR

(21)

Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When the gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of these Airforce men, and how they come and go.
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar
So remember your sisters and mothers, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

SOMEBODY STOLE MY DRAWERS
(Somebody stole my gal)

(22)

Somebody stole my pants
I lost them at a dance
Somebody stole my panties from me
I didn't even
Know they were leaving

I miss my panties so
I'll catch a cold I know
Gee, if he could see
Me standing here in my brassiere
He'd bring my panties right back to me
Somebody stole my panties from me
Somebody stole my drawers

MINNIE THE MERMAID

(23)

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea
Down among the corals Minnie lost her morals,
Gee but she was good to me
Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust
There were two twin beds and in only one of them us
Now you can easily see she's not my mother
Because my mother is forty-nine
And you can easily see she's not my sister
Cause I'd never show my sister such a helluva good time
And you can easily see she's not my sweetie
Cause my sweetie's too refined
She's just a slip of a kid who didn't care what she did
She's just a personal friend of mine,
Down by the boat house,
A personal friend of mine.

THE SOUSE FAMILY

(24)

Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk
Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk
Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight, Like I never got drunk before
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
For I am a member of the Souse family.

Now the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the highland Dutch and the low land Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Other Dam Dutch

Sing Glorious, sing Glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Oh, Glory be to God that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone. (Dama near)
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk
The lucky stiff....

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

(25)

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers blew six winders
Cheeks of her ass went
BAM! BAM! BAM!

PUSAN U

(26)

We were roaming 'round the country side, 'Twas down by Pusan Bay
We stopped into a local bar to pass the time away
I met a gal from old Chin Ju, She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from, and she said "Pusan U "

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The university that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
To you, Oh, Pusan U

I enrolled in that great college, Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets so they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific but fortune saw me through
So now I lift my glass to the school of Pusan U

I saw a girl most beautiful, she was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest, she was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood, Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame she says "Oh Pusan U "

We have an A-1 baseball team, we win our games right through
They ask us where we come from, and we say "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops, our batters are good too
And every time we come to bat the crowd yells "Pusan U"

PADDY MURPHY

(27)

The night that Paddy Murphy died
I never shall forget
The whole damned town got stinking drunk
And some ain't sober yet

The only thing they did that night
That filled my heart with fear
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it on the beer

That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed him their sorrow and their pride
That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy
Respect for Paddy Murphy on the night that Paddy died

Hooray for Paddy, Paddy, Hooray for Paddy
Someone's in the kitchen yelling Hooray for Paddy
Ein Schwei, Drei, Vier, Who's gonna buy the beer?
Hooray for Paddy, he's a damned swell guy

COMING DOWN THE HILL

(28)

Coming down the hill about a hundred miles an hour
When the chain on his bicycle broke
He was found in the grass with the handlebar up his ass
He was tickled to death by the spokes

DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE

(29)

They're digging up father's grave to make a sewer
They're going about the job at some expense
They're disturbing his remains
To put in four inch drains
To satisfy some local residents... Gor Blimey

So when they get the urge to deficate some
Father will return to right the wrong
He'll dress up in his white sheets
And haunt the ~~pub~~house seats
And not a bloody one will stay for long... Gor Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation
And won't the bloody bastards rant and rave
They had so damn much nerve
They'll get what they deserve
For buggerin' up a British workman's grave.

BOOZIN BUDDIES

(30)

A Fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
We are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

Up in headquarters they scream and they shout
Bosom buddies while boozin
Talking of things they know nothing about
Bosom buddies while boozin

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE

(31)

Come on and join the Airforce, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study, and soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come on and join the Airforce and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train, If you're an Airforce flyer
Just about the time you get to general you'll find
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in, and you will never mind

You take it up and spin it, and with an awful tear
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in, but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit, But you will never mind

COME AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE (Cont'd)

While flying over the ocean you hear your engine spit
You watch the prop come to a stop, the goddam thing has quit
The ship won't float, and you can't swim, the shore is far behind
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

While flying over Boston in an F-104

There's just one thing to remember, as I have said before
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will spit and git

And if some wiley Mig 19 should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and belly ache and call that bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk, and pretty soon you'll find
There is no hell and all is well, and you will never mind

PRANG EM ALL
(Bless em all)

Similar to Saw the shadow

(33)

There's an aircraft that's leaving today
Bound for a far distant shore
Heavily laden with browned off young men
Bound for a land they abhor

So we're saying goodbye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all
The long and the short and the tall
Prang all the blonds and the redheaded ones
Prang all the brunettes and their bastard sons
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to the barracks we crawl
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all
The long and the short and the tall
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

I WANTED WINGS
(Korean version)

(34)

I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore.
I don't want a tour in Korea that's sure
I've had a belly full of war
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, Buster,
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore

(Cont'd)

I WANTED WINGS (Cont'd)

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
Migs always make me barf my lunch
For me there's no hey-day screaming
"Bogies that-a-way"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
I would rather be home, Buster,
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore

AIR FORCE 806

(35)

(Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the shudder, the rumble and the roar
I'm flying over Hibbing like I never flew before
Feel the mighty surge of the engine, pipe temp's, on the peg
I'd give a million dollars to have it on base leg

Mayday, Duluth tower, this is 806
I'm turning downwind and I'm in a fix
My engine's running on the peg my fire lights are red
You better call the crash crew and get them out of bed

Roger, Roger 806, this is Duluth tower
I cannot call the crash crew, cause this is coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
Take it on around again, we have SAC VIP

Mayday, Duluth tower, won't you answer me
For your information I'm landing on 23
I know I've got a fire in back, I think she's going to blow
I may buy this 102 so look out down below

Mayday, Duluth tower, 806 on base
I cannot get my gear down, they won't come down in place
I'm going to buy this 102 no matter what they say
But I'll never have the form-1 fixed before the judgement day

Greetings Air Force 806, this is judgement day
You're in pilot's heaven and you're here to stay
You just bought a 102 and you bought it well
But the famous Air Force 806 was sent straight down to hell

ODE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER

(36)

(Money rolls in)

You ought to be dead you old bastard
You ought to be damned well shot
You ought to be tied to the floor of a outhouse
And left there to damned will rot

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours
I've stuck it as long as I could
I've stuck it and stuck it so now I say f--- it
My ass hole's not made out of wood

ON TOP OF OLD PYONG-YANG
(On Top Of old Smokey)

Combined with "Fuji" (37)

On top of old Pyong-Yang
All covered with flack
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never be back

Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss

For flying's a pleasure
And dying's a grief
And a quick triggered commie
is worse than a thief

They'll give us a lecture
They'll give us some more
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered commie
will send you to your grave

Attention all trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop

Now the grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not one commie in a thousand
Can a poor pilot trust

On top of old Fuji
All covered with snow
I lost my job pilot
For flying too low

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
We will all hear
This horrible sound

He put on an airshow
He did it for me
At altitude zero
He clobbered a tree

With throttle wide open
He made his last pass
On top of old Fuji
He busted his ass

"G" Suits AND PARACHUTES
(Bell Bottom Trousers)

(38)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, Her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her and this to her did say
If you have a daughter put ribbon in her hair
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by (14)

There was 97 aircraft parked upon the apron
There wasn't any room you could see
Now the first 96 were of modern construction
And the last was an 86D

The first 47 were reserved for the majors
And the captains had the last 49
There was one more ship at the end of the apron
And the last ship on the line

It was old 97 and her fuselage was rusty
And her wings were warped and bent
She sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
Like a cow that was quite content

Now a 2nd lieutenant walked into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
Young man, they said, we're mighty short of aircraft
But we'll see what we can do

It was old 97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
She creaked and she groaned as he started up her engine
For she knew that her end was near

He flew over Duluth and west to Fargo
Till the mist began to fall
Till it settled right down on the tops of the mountain
And he couldn't see a thing at all

He turned to the left and he ran into a snowstorm
So he turned back to the right
When he spotted a railroad running in his direction
And he ended his last long flight

It was old 97 her nose in a mountain
And her wheels were on the track
Her throttle bent in a forwardly direction
And her engine was pointed back

Now listen to me all you Air Force ladies
Listen to this tale of woe
Never speak harsh words to your aviator boyfriend
He may leave you and never come back

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL
(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

(40)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force has gone to hell

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL (Cont'd)

CHORUS: Glory flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The Air Force has gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the mighty wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force has gone to hell

I have seen them in their sabres when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their mach one power dives that added to their fame
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell

They flew F-86's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell

Yes, the ancient flying 80 and the fighting sabre too
once ruled the bloody Yalu with their contrails in the blue
But now the sky is empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard their pounding fifties blaze from nose of polished steel
The purring of their sabre was a song your heart could feel
But now the T-bird charms you with it's moaning groaning squeal
And it won't climb for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder and the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force has gone to hell

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK
(Strip Polka)

(41)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the takeoff as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated desk

Four times he's led us up there and he's always led us back
For he circled over the I.P. as we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."
The man behind the armor plated desk

When the target's sighted who inspires our attack?
Who says "Hundreds may go in, lads, but a few aren't coming back."
Who says "We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flack"
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over and debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over but not a pilot you will see
For they'll all be at the "O" club with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"

EARLY ABORT
(McNamarra's Band)

(42)

X

Oh, my name is Col. _____ I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my breifing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the commies fly and where they like to roam
I'll be the last one to take off, The first one to come home.

CHORUS: Early abort avoid the rush
Early abort avoid the rush
Early abort avoid the rush
The _____ on parade

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things that they can do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilot's, they are ready, but let their leader shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My gyros won't check out!"

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s a million miles an hour
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody shower
And we fly so bloody fast, it fills us with alarm
Loose a bloody rivet and you've surely bought the farm

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s at 90,000 feet
We fly them through the rain and fog and through the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're feeling awfully low
Loose the cabin pressure and it'll be an awful blow

And now I'm sure you know of all the leaders in the wing
Any night in the "O" club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a helluva war, they say they want to fly too
But you give them half a chance to fly and here's what they will do

But now there's no war going on and we're all in the U.S.A.
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say
But if we have another war, and they send us overseas
To hell with all the general staffs, to hell with those S.O.B.s

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(43)

In peace time the regulars are happy	They call up every old pilot
In peace time they're happy to serve	They call up every young man
But let them get into a fix	The reservists all go to Korea
And they'll call out the goddam reserves	The regulars all stay in Japan

CHORUS:

Call out, call out	Here's to the regular Air Force
Call out the goddam reserves, reserves	With medals and badges galore
Call out, call out	If it weren't for the goddam reservists
Oh, Call out the goddam reserves	Their ass would be dragging the floor

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call out the goddam reservists
Whenever the spit hits the fan

Fight on, fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on
Fight on, fight on
Regular Air Force fight on

There once was a maiden named Adeline Guff
 Said "Faith and begorra, I must have a ~~Stuff~~
 I can't lay here farting and just passing gas."
 So she ups the window and hoists out her ass

CHORUS: It was brown, brown ~~stuff~~ falling down
 Brown, brown ~~stuff~~ fall around
 It was brown, brown shit falling down
 His life it was ruined by ~~stuff~~, ~~stuff~~, ~~stuff~~, ~~stuff~~!

A certain young copper was pounding his beat
 You could tell it was him by the sound of his feet
 When all of a sudden he looks up in the sky
 And a dirty brown ~~ball~~ hit him right in the eye

This certain young copper he cursed and he swore
 And he called A deline a dirty old whore
 By London bridge you can still see him sit
 With a sign hanging over him, "Blinded by ~~stuff~~."

OUR OUTHOUSE

(45)

Please don't burn our ~~stout~~ house down
 Mother has promised to pay
 Father's on the ocean waves
 Kate's in the family way
 Brother dear has gonorrhoea
 Times are ~~floggers~~ hard
 So please don't burn our ~~stout~~ house down
 Or we'll have to crap in the yard

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

(46)

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

My father makes beer in the bath tub
 My mother makes three kinds of gin
 My sister makes love for a living
 My God, how the money rolls in

CHORUS: Rolls in, Rolls in
 My God how the money rolls in rolls in
 Rolls in, Rolls in
 My God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
 Wot saves pure young maidens from sin
 He'll save you a blond for ten dollars
 My God how the money rolls in

I've an uncle who was a nightwatchman
 Who spent all his night in a pit
 He used to come home in the morning
 All covered all over with ~~spit~~

One night was so dark and so stormy
 When uncle went down to the pit
 The wind went and blew out his candle
 And uncle fell down in the ~~spit~~

Poor uncle has never recovered
 From his accident down in the pit
 His funeral takes place tomorrow
 He'll be buried in six feet of ~~spit~~

ON A STUMP

(47)

He laid her ass upon a stump
 He laid her ass upon a stump
 He laid her ass upon a stump
 SLOWLY: And... then... he...
 FAST: Missed her ass and hit the stump
 Missed her ass and hit the stump
 HA HA HA HO HO HO... HORSE GRAP...

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
 Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles
 Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles
 As we revel in the joys of copulation

Hipopotamus so it seems
 Very seldom has wet dreams
 But when he does it comes in streams
 As we revel in the joys of copulation

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass
 Mamma armadillo has an iron bound ass
 But papa armadillo has a thing of brass
 As we revel in the joys of copulation

Way down south where the alligators roar
 There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
 Because all the alligators are so sore
 As we revel in the joys of copulation

Now the donkey on the common is a jolly old bloke
 He very seldom gets his poke
 But when he does, he lets it soak
 As we revel in the joys of copulation

NELLIE DARLING

(49)

Oh, your asshole's like a stove pipe, Nellie darling,
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green
 There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
 You're the ugliest doggone bitch I've ever seen

There's a million crabs abounding round your privates
 When you pee, you pee a stream as green as grass
 There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle
 So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass

SIDNEY SPECIAL

(50)

Monday I touched her on the ankle
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee
 And Wednesday after mess, I lifted up her dress
 And Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey
 Friday I put me hand upon it
 Saturday she gave me ball a tweak
 And it was Sunday after supper, I slipped the whole thing up her
 And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey
 I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war
 I just want to hang around Picadilly underground
 Living off the earnings of a high class laydie
 Don't want a bullet up me arshole, Don't want me buttocks shot away
 I'd rather stay in England, Jolly Jolly England
 And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor Blimey
 Call out the members of the home guard, They'll make life worthwhile
 Call out the royal Territorials, They'll face dangers with a smile
 Call out the army and the navy, they'll keep England free
 You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother
 But for Christ's sake don't call me

As I was sitting in O'Riley's tavern
 Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
 Came a thought into my mind
 Why not shag O'Riley's daughter
 CHORUS:

Fiddle dee ie ee, fiddle de ie oo
 Fiddle dee ie ee, for the one ball Riley
 Rig a jig jig sing balls and all
 Rub a dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the tit
 Then I threw my left leg over
 Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
 Shagged till the fun was over

Came a knock upon my door
 Who should it be but her one ball father
 Two horse pistols in his hands
 Looking for the guy who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the ball
 I shoved his head in a pail of water
 Rammed those pistols up his ass
 A helluva lot faster than I shagged his daughter

Now ~~as~~ I go walking down the street
 People shout from every corner
 (Shout and point) There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch
 The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

(52)

An airman told me before he died
 And I don't think that the bastard lied
 That he had a girl with a thing so wide
 That she could never be satisfied

So he built a ~~thing~~ of steel
 Driven by a great bloody wheel
 Two brass balls he filled with cream
 And the whole ~~doggone~~ issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
 In and out went the ~~thing~~ of steel
 Until at last the maiden cried
 "Enough, enough, I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit
 There was no way of stopping it
 The maid was torn from ass to tit
 And the whole ~~doggone~~ issue was covered with

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses
 Covered all over over from head to toe
 Covered all over with ... spit

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station I love you
As we go strolling in the park
And goosing statues in the park
If Sherman's horse can take it why can't you

You're the gut that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on my cushion
Foot prints on the dash board upside down
Every since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on your cushion
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down
Since I've met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your goddam town

NO BALLS AT ALL

(54)

Gather you rounders and listen to me
I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee
It's about a young maiden so fair and so tall
Who married a man who had no balls at all... WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed
Her cheeks were all rosey her lips were all red
She reached for his ~~thing~~, his ~~thing~~ was small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Mother, dear mother, I wish I were dead
I'll go to my grave with my own maidenhead
My future is slender, my hopes they are small
For I've married a man who has no balls at all....WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,
For I've married a man who has no balls at all

Daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad
I had the same trouble when I married your dad
But many's the flyer who will answer the call
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all....WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all

Continued next page

NO BALLS AT ALL (Cont'd)

Now this young maid took her mother's advice
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice
And a bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all... WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all

Now the babe was examined that very same night
By a doctor who swore he examined it right
And the thing that he found most peculiar of all
Wh- s, the babe had a thing, but no balls at all....WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all
The babe had a thing, but no balls at all

OLD MAN'S LAMENT

(55)

Now I'm old and feeble, my pilot light is out
What used to be my sex appeal is now my water spout
I used to be embarrassed, to make the thing behave
For every single morning it would stand and watch me shave
But now I'm growing older, and sure it gives me blues
To have the thing hang down my leg and watch me shine my shoes.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

(56)

Roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean
A I were a whale, I'd teach them the motion

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a bunny. I'd teach them bad habits

~~I wish all the girls were like B-29s~~
And I a pursuit ship, I'd buzz their behinds

I wish all the girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper, I'd bang them for hours

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style

MY GAL'S A CORKER

(57)

My gal's a corker, she's a New Yorker
I buy her everything to keep her in style
She wears my coveralls, I stand and freeze my balls
Hey, boys, that's where my money goes

She's got a pair of legs, just like two whiskey kegs
She's got a pair of hips, just like a battleship
She's got a hairy runt, just like an elephant
She wears silk underwear, I wear my G.I. pair
She's got a pair of tits, just like two boxing mits

I'M LOOKING UNDER (John Looking Over)

(58)

I'm looking under a dress and wonder
Why I haven't looked before
First comes the ankles, then comes the knees
Then comes the panties that sway in the breeze
No use explaining the thing remaining, is something we all adore
I'm looking under a dress and wonder
Why I haven't looked before

HI JIG A JIG

(59)

CHORUS: Singing.....

Hi Jig-a-jiggy, frap a little piggy sideways, (Scush Scush)
My ideal woman is a big fat girl... whiz bang... some stick
Two dollafs you pay, for a bang up each way
and a tune on a spanish guitar, Plink Plank Plunk

The captain he rides in a motorboat
The admiral rides in a gig
It won't go a goddam bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

We all may be dead tomorrow
No one gives a flip but our wives
Let's drink and get royally plastered
And enjoy what we can of our lives

Oh, the sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He tried to make love to the Sphinx
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice
Was clogged by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the humps on the cammel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

I LOVE MY WIFE

(60)

I love my wife, (yes I do, yes I do) I love her true
I love the hole she pee pees through
I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits
And the hair around her butthole
I'd eat her stuff, chompety chomp, chompety chomp
With a rusty spoon

SOUTH OF THE NAVEL

(61)

South of the navel, down testicle way
That's where the battle's won when my big gun comes into play
The doctor's have warned me, that I mustn't stray
South of the navel, down testicle way

Now she smiled as she kissed my banana, never dreaming that I was farting
And I smiled as she kissed my banana, for my banana never came

South of the navel, down testicle way
That's where I got the bug, as on the rug I had my lay
No more shall I wander, No more shall I stray
South of the navel, down testicle way

TOGETHER

(62)

We both got drunk, together
Took off our junk, together
Lay in a bunk, together
But it was no joke when the rubber broke

Now we have twins, together
For we have sinned, together
Now, take it from me, keep good company
And keep both your legs together

OLD GREY BUSTLE

(63)

Put on your old grey bustle and get your fanny in a hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in the clover, let the boys look it over
If you can't get five, take two.

Put on your old pink panties, that used to be your aunties
And we'll go for a tussle in the hay
Now there's no use running cause you're gonna get some funning
In the good old fashioned way

Put on your old grey corset, if it won't fit we'll force it
For the fleet's coming in today
As the bees make honey, let your ass make some money
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment, to the crab's disappointment
And take a shower once or twice a day
Though it burns and itches, it will kill those sons-of-bitches
In the good old fashioned way.

SAMMY SMALL

(64)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, prang em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, prang em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball
But it's better than none at all, prang em all

Oh, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all
Oh, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all
Oh, they say I shot a man dead with a silly piece of lead
Now the silly fellow's dead, prang em all

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing from a silly piece of string
What a silly frapping thing, prang em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, prang em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope, prang em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope with a silly piece of soap
What a silly crumping joke, prang em all

continued next page

SAMMY SMALL (Cont'd)

Oh, the parson, he will come, prang em all
Oh, the person, he will come, prang em all
Oh, the parson, he will come with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung, prang em all

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too with all his silly crew
They've got nothing else to do, prang em all

Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all
Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all
Oh, he'll wear his silly mask for his silly crumping task
Wh't a silly frapping ass, prang em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and it made me feel so proud
That I shouted right out loud, prang em all

PLEASE DON'T PUT YOUR PANTS ON

(65)

Please don't put your pants on
We haven't said goodnight
For two or three more hours
I'm going to try with all my might
You and your virtue, honey
I'm not going to hurt you
Please don't put your pants on
Because we haven't said goodnight

THE WIFFENPOOF'S SONG

(66)

From the tables down at Mauries
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes the magic of their singing, and the songs we love so well
"Am I wasting" and "Mayvornning" and the rest
We will serenade our Louie, while life and love shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest
 We're poor little lambs
 Who have lost our way
 Baa, Baa, Baa
 We're little black sheep
 Who have gone astray
 Baa, Baa, Baa

Gentlemen flyers off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
Lord, have mercy on such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa.

THE AIR FORCE SONG

(67)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At em boys, giver her the gun.
Down we dive spouting our flame from under
Off with one heluva roar
We live in fame or go down in flame
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of men who love the vastness of the sky
To them we send the message of their brother men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we dive to scare the rainbow's pot of gold
Here's a toast to the host of men who The U.S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild sky onder
Keep your wings level and true
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue
Fighting men, guarding our nation's borders
WE'll be there followed by more
In echelon we'll carry on
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

RAVISHED

(68)

He grasped me by my slender neck, I could not call or scream
He took me to his dingy room, where we could not be seen
He tore off all my flimsy wraps and gazed upon my form
I was so very cold and damp, and he so hot and warm
He pressed me to his eager lips, I could not make him stop
He drained me of my very life, I gave him my last drop
He made me what I am today, that's why you see me here
A broken bottle thrown away, that once was full of beer

ALICE BLUE GOWN

(69)

In her sweet little Alice blue gown
The first time she lay on the ground
She was bashful and shy
When she opened my fly
And the first time she saw it
I thought she would die

It went up and wouldn't go down
Until I finally had her on the ground
I shoved it and shoved it
My God how she loved it
Underneath her Alice blue gown

BLUE HEAVEN

(70)

A turn to the right, a little red light
will lead you to my Blue Heaven
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case
A form devine
She's just a whore, she's been had before
But now she's mine
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three
We're careful in my Blue Heaven

MANILA POM-POM SONG

(71)

(Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola)

Have you ever been in the Philippines?
The place is full of pom-pom queens
The clap is bad but the syph is worse,
So flub your dub for safety first.

CHORUS: Singing rum and coca-cola
Come down to old Manila
Both mother and daughter
Working for the yankee dollar

The women with their dirty feet
Walk up and down Manila street
They come up close and whisper low
"How about a little pom-pom, Joe?"

The Philippine pimp is very smart,
He gets his dough before you start.
The pom-pom there is very nice,
But twenty pesos is a hulluva price

AFTER THE BALL

(72)

After the ball was over,
Mary took out her glass eye,
Put her peg leg in the corner,
Hung up her false hair to dry,
Put her false teeth in a tumbler,
Hung her wax tit on the wall.
Not much was left of Mary--
After the ball.

LAST NIGHT I HELD A LITTLE HAND
(Genevieve)

(73)

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat.
I thought my heart would surely break,
So loudly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring,
Than the hand I held last night...
Four aces and a king.

WEST MICHIGAN STREET
(Isle of Capri)

(74)

'Twas on west Michigan Street that I met her
She was drunk, and her name was Marie
She whispered so no one could hear her,
"Would you like to come upstairs with me?"

Her eyes were as blue as the ocean,
Her lips were of a very deep hue,
I slipped twenty bucks in her pocket,
Took my place at the end of the queue.

T'was only a few minuets later,
That I went to her small room above,
And there for a very brief moment,
I partook of that poplalar love.

When I awoke the next morning,
I was worried, as worried as could be,
For that very brief moment of pleasure
Had been, oh, so costly to me.

Now the moral of this little story
Is plain, as maybe you'll see
If you ever go down into Duluth,
Stay away from west Michigan Street

IT'S TRAGIC

(75)

You sigh, your teeth fall out
You smile, and I smell sauerkraut
It's tragic
The birds desert the air
And rush to nestle in your hair
It's tragic

IF YOU FLY AN '89'

(76)

If you fly an Eighty-nine,
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind,
For your life ain't worth a dime--
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

If you fly a Ninety-four,
You will never holler more,
For your lot we do pine,
But it's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS: Did you go boom today?
Did you go boom today?
Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks,
Bouncing those subsonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

Final chorus is the same as above but end with : "We fly GEEEEeeee!!

It was a Saturday night ~~on the~~ old Air Force Base,
The barroom was merry and gay
And far from this laughter a mother did wait
For Pop to come home with his pay

"Oh, Mother, dear Mother, oh, where can he be?"
The daughter exclaimed through her tears
The mother replied, "I'm sadly afraid,
Your father has stopped for some beers."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out
While some pass in and others pass out
Your father, I fear, has his nose in some beer,
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors

"Now I shall go fetch him," the daughter did say,
"He shant bring disgrace to our name"
So straightway she went to the Officer's Club
To save her poor father from shame.

"Oh Father, dear Father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two.
The rent's to be paid and I'm sadly afraid,
You'll spend alloo your money for brew."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,
While some pass in and others pass out.
Through the smoke and the haze, there stands Pop in a daze
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors.

Each Saturday night ~~on the old~~ Air Force Base,
The pilots come in with their gold
And Father blows in all his wages for gin,
And Nellie goes home in the cold.

"Oh, Mother," She wailed, "My mission I've failed,
My father will ne'er mend his ways."
The mother replied, "It's always the same,
It's always the woman who pays."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,
While some pass in and others pass out.
The story is told of a fool and his gold,
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors.

WE FLY DEUCES (Bye-Bye Blackbirds)

Here we stand down on the ground	No one here can penetrate a bumper
We can't fly when there's clouds around	You should hear the bull spit Conyair
We fly Deuces	hands us
Go in fast and come out slow,	Mix those drinks and mix em right
Hit a cloud and down we go,	Because we're standing down tonight,
We fly Deuces	Deuces we fly

MY DARLING 102
(My Darling Clementine)

(79)

In the cockpit of my fighter,
Trying hard to go mach two,
But, alas, my engine faltered,
Fare thee well, my 102.

When you're spinning very flatly,
And you've got a worried mind,
That's all, brother, hit the jumpsack,
Bid farewell to your 102.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling 102
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well, my 102

All the brass hats in our congress,
They have signed the dotted line,
They are lucky, they just bought it,
And don't fly the 102.

JET PILOTS IN THE SKY ✓
(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

(80)

A 102 got airborne one dark and windy day
And as he raised the landing gear you could hear the pilot pray,
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,
Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, till I'm safely on the ground.

CHORUS: Yippi i yah, Yippi i yay
Jet pilots in the sky

And as our Deuces leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,
Our pilots all may go through hell, but they fly them just the same,
The crew chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fly, to live up to their name,
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on in fame.
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,
They cuss and cry, live and die-- jet pilots in the sky.

U.S. CHAIR FORCE SONG
(Air Force Song)

(81)

3rd verse

Here we go, into the file case yonder, Diving deep into the drawer. Here it is, buried away down under, The record we've been searching for. Off we go, into the CO's office, Where we get one helluva roar. We live in miles of paper files, Nothing will stop the U.S. Chair Force.	Here we go, into the file case yonder, Keep the margins level and true. If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder Keep your nose out of the glue Office men, guarding the paper blizzard, We'll be there, followed by more. With dictionary, we're stationary-- For nothing can move the U.S. Chair Force.
--	--

Here's a toast to the host of those who slave
with feet on desks so high.
To a friend we will send a message of
the trials of the swivel-chair guy.
We type and file, and though we have no prop
We're in a spin or else we blow our top.
So, a toast to the host of the men who coast--
The U.S. Chair Force.

ROTC

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(82)

Oh, take down your service flag mother,
Your son is as safe as can be.
Oh, take down your service flag mother,
Your son's in the ROTC....

CHORUS: R..O..R..O..
Your son's in the ROTC....TC.
R..O..R..O..
Your son's in the ROTC

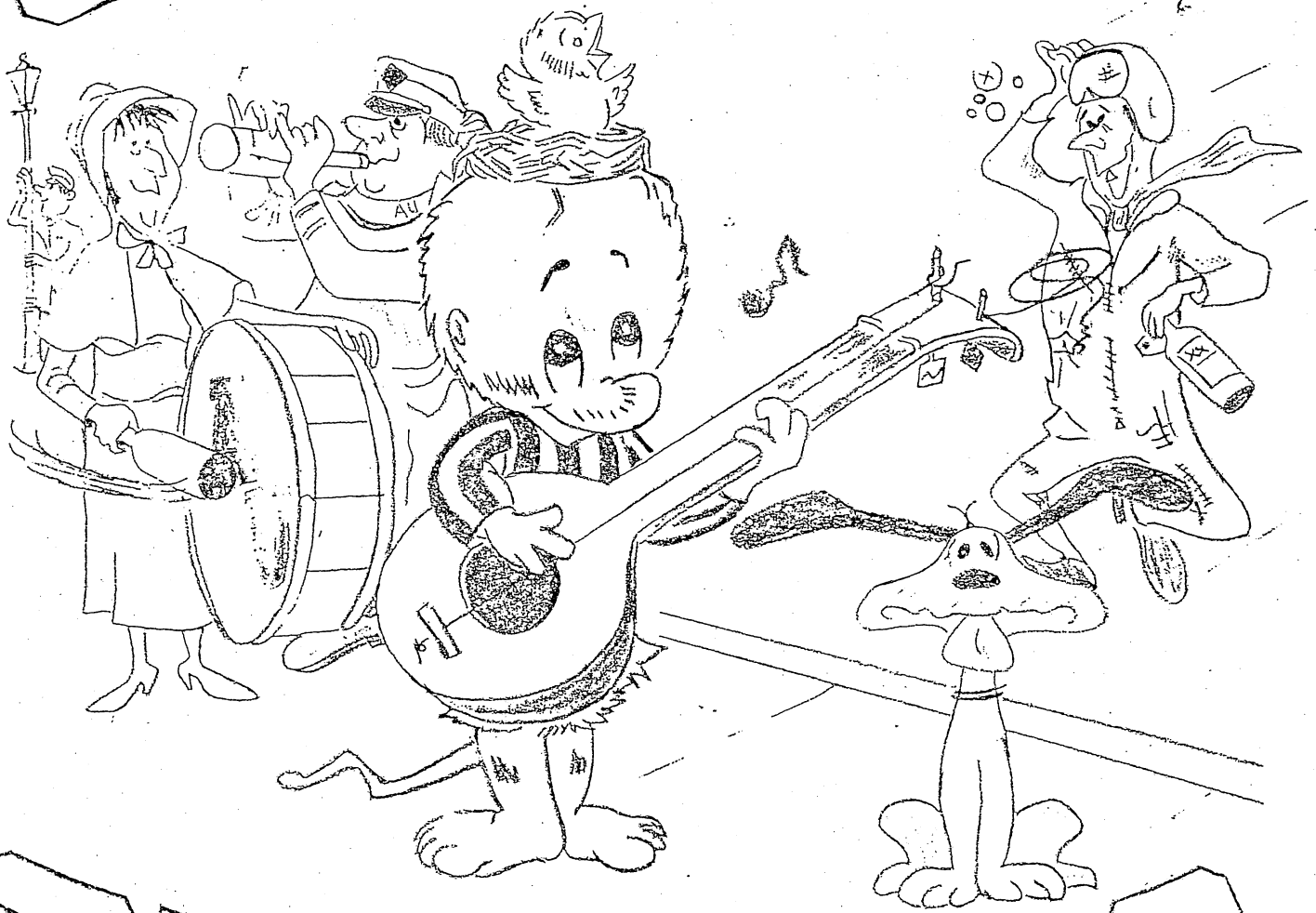
I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE MISTRESS

(83)

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Just like the ones I used to know.
With lips empasioned and charms unrateded,
And thighs that glisten like the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
The kind that the Arabs do not know.
For though colors may change at night,
Yet, may all my mistresses be white.

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Unmarred by wind or dust or sun.
Like a supple willow, with breasts to pillow
My tired head when day is done.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Who's neither yellow, tan, nor black,
But dreaming's not any fun, so
Knock it off and let's all hit the sack.

TWO
X
SONGS OF



THE 11TH FIVE

INDEX

SONG

PAGE

After the Ball	72-27
Air Force 806	35-13
Air Force Has Gone to Hell, The	40-15
Air Force Song, The	67-26
Alice Blue Gown	69-27
Beside a Minnesota Waterfall	12-4
Bloody Great Wheel	52-20
Blue Heaven	70-27
Boeing Tanker, The	13-4
Boozin Buddies	30-11
Brown, Brown	44-18
Brown Mouse	20-8
Cats on the Roof Tops	48-19
Chug-A Lug	5-2
Come on and Join the Air Force	31-11
Coming Down the Hill	28-10
Digging Up Father's Grave	29-11
Early Abort	42-17
Fighter Pilots	6-2
Give Me Operations	14-5
Group Headquarters	7-3
"G" Suits and Parachutes	38-14
Hail the Falcon	3-1
Hand on the Throttle	8-3
Here's to the Regular Air Force	43-17
Hi-Jig-A-Jig	59-23
How the Money Rolls In	46-18
Humoresque	53-21
If You Fly an 89	76-28
I Love My Wife	60-23
I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress	83-31
I'm Looking Under	58-23
It's Tragic	75-28
I Wanna Go Home	15-6
I Wanted Wings	34-12
Jet Pilots in the Sky	80-30
K.C. Rolls, The	10-3
Last Night I Held a Little Hand	73-28

SONG

PAGE

Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk	41-16
Manilla Pom-Pom Song	71-27
Minnie the Mermaid	23-9
My Darling 102	79-30
My Gal's a Corker	57-22
Nellie Darling	49-19
No Balls at All	54-21
Now Here's a True Story	11-4
Ode to the Operations Officer	36-13
Old 97	39-15
Old Grey Bustle	63-24
Old Man's Lament	53-22
O'Leary's Bar	21-8
On a Stump	47-18
On Top of Old Pyong-Yang	37-14
O'Riely's Daughter	51-20
Our Outhouse	45-18
Paddy Murphy	27-10
Parties, Banquets and Balls	2-1
Please Don't Put Your Pants On	65-25
Prang 'Em All	33-12
Pusan U	26-10
Ravished	68-26
Roll Your Leg Over	56-22
R.O.T.C.	82-31
Sally in the Alley	25-9
Sammy Small	64-24
Save a Fighter Pilot's Ass	16-6
Sharecrop	18-7
Sidney Special	50-19
Somebody Stole My Drawers	22-9
Souse Family, The	24-9
South of the Navel	64-25
Stand to your Glasses Ready	1-1
Those Swinging Doors	77-29
Three Jolly Pilots	19-8
Tip Tanks and Tail Pipes	17-7
Together	62-24
U.S. Chair Force Song	81-30
We Fly Leuces	78-29
Went Flying	4-1
West Michigan Street	74-28
Wiffenpoof's Song, The	66-26
You can Tell a Fighter Pilot	

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES READY

(1)

(To be sung standing with glasses raised)

We stand 'neath the resounding rafters
The walls around us are bare
They echo back our laughter
Seems that the dead are all there

Each died the death of a hero
In wreckage of wire and steel
For mortal stakes they gambled
With cards that were stacked for the deal

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses ready
This world is a world of lies
Her's a health to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man to die

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With a trail of smoke behind us
Toshow where our comrades have gone

Denied by the God who bore us
Leaving the ones they held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

(2)

(Take me out to the ball game)

Parties, banquets and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
As our good colonel has said before
There's only one way to stay out of war
That's with parties, banquets and balls, boys
Parties banquets and balls
We'll have parties and banquets
And banquets and parties
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
Hello, Hello, Hello!

HAIL THE FALCON

(3)

(Clementine)

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon
With his tail up in the air,
----- name--rank-----
You can kiss what's under there.

RETORT:example

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon,
I (we) Heard you when you sang
I(we) didn't like it, but I'll(We'll) kiss it
Cause tomorrow you will PRANG

*** WENT FLYING

(See #85)

(4)

(Ghost riders in the sky)

The ** troops went flying, one dark and windy day
And as they taxied by I could hear the colonel say
I see my boys are flying and I feel so goddam proud
The ** Fighter Squadron's going to penetrate a cloud.

(** Put in your own outfit)

Here's to _____ He's true blue
 He's a drunkard through and through
 He's a rounder, so they say
 He tried to get to heaven
 But he went the other way

So dring chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug
 So drink chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug

Hooray for _____
 Hooray at last
 Hooray for _____
 He's a horses ass

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
 The place is full of queers,
 Navigators, Bombardiers
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
 Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
 The auto pilot's on,
 He's reading sex books in the john
 Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
 His gyros are uncaged,
 And his women overaged
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group
 The place is full of brass
 Sitting 'round on thier fat ass
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
 Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
 It'll wreck your reputation,
 And increase the population
 Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

Oh look at those from SAGE in our club
 Oh look at those from SAGE in our club
 They don't party they don't sing
 The llth does everything
 Oh look at those from SAGE in our club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
 When a bomber jockey walks into our club
 He don't drink his share of suds
 All he does is flub his dub
 When a bomber jockey walks into our club

FIGHTER PILOTS (cont'd)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
They are all up above, drinking whiskey, making love,
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

GROUP HEADQUARTERS

(7)

(Pepsi-Cola)

Group headquarters that's the spot
Three bull colonels, that's a lot
Six or seven L.C.s too
Group headquarters is the place for you
Chicken chicken chicken chicken etc.

HAND ON THE THROTTLE (Chant)

(8)

LEADER: Hand on the throttle (Repeat in unison)
All eight of them (Repeat in unison)
Release the brakes (Repeat in unison)
All sixteen of them (Repeat in unison)

ALL SING TOGETHER: Off we go, into the wild blue yonder.... CRASH!\$

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(9)

(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much

THE K.C. ROLLS

(10)

(Battle hymn of the republic)

The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
And rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls.

CHORUS: Glory glory water injection
Glory glory water injection
Glory glory water injection
For it rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
And rolls and rolls and rolls.

The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
And hours and hours and hours and hours and hours and hours and hours.

CHORUS: Glory glory rubber cushions
Glory glory rubber cushions
Glory glory rubber cushions
For it flies for hours and hours and hours
And hours and hours and hours.

NOW HERE'S A TRUE STORY

(11)

(Sweet Betsy from Pike)

Now here's a true story that you ought to hear
The reason why all bomber jockeys are queer
While going through flight school the instructor did shout
It's bombers for you or we're washing you out

They took to the heavens with ten men aboard
And after a week they were all quite bored
And after they landed, or so I've heard tell
Each one of the ten were just queerer than hell (Last line in squeaky voice)

BESIDE A MINNESOTA WATERFALL

(12)

Beside a Minnesota waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered 102 a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a near-by tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
And there's poker every night
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing
With many lewd nude women

Oh death where is thy sting
Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ting a ling
For you but not for me

Oh... Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye

THE BOEING TANKER

(13)

(The great ship Titanic)

Oh they built the Boeing tanker, and when they were through
They said "Here is a ship that will fly a month or two"
But a wire touched a wire and it started up a fire
It was sad when the K.C. went down

CHORUS: Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad
It was sad when the K.C. went down (into Boston)
Husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost thier lives
It was sad when the K.C. went down

They were cruising over Boston when the colonel gave a shout
"Airman, get below and put that fire out!"
The airmen went below, they were the first to go
It was sad when the K.C. went down

And they were awaiting instructions to bail out
The colonel tried to give them but he couldn't get them out
You see, he had a lisp, so they all burned to a crisp
It was sad when the K.C. went down

THE BOEING TANKER (Cont'd)

The tanker hit old Boston with a terrifying roar
It bore into a school house tween the first and second floor
School busses in the street were filled with cooking meat
It was sad when the K.C. went down

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

(14)

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate
They'll loop and they'll spin but they soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk
It flew like an arrow but it's gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug but it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun
But with coolant tank dry you'll soon run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61 for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F- Shooting Star, It'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me an F Shooting Star

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate but they pulled out too late
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an 86-D with over drive and TV
She won't go too fast and she'll clobber your ass
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me an F-89 though "Time" says she really will climb
They're all in the states all boxed up in their crates
Don't give me an F-89

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Cont)

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an F-one oh oh, it flies like a sled we all know
It may go mach one, but that's not much fun
Don't give me an F-one oh oh

Don't give me an F-101, the pilots don't have any fun
It's engines are twins but it still augers in
Don't give me an F-101

Don't give me an F-102 the dart that you see in the blue
Their pilots all wail that it has no tail
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me an F-104 some call it a dirty old whore (girl)
It may hurt a Mig but it's still just a pig
Don't give me an F-104

I WANNA GO HOME

(15)

I wanna go home, I wanna go home
I don't want to fly in this farce any more
Leave the mess for the regular corp
Take me off alert
I'm too young to get hurt
Oh...My... I'm too young to die
I just wanna go home

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

(16)

It was midnight in Duluth, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____ and this is what he said
(I hate this bloody place)
"Pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all
Night fighters, gentle night fighters." and the pilots shouted "BALLS"
When up stepped a young lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those goddam 102s and shove them up your ass."

CHORUS: Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah
Throw a nickle in the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah
Throw a nickle in the grass and you'll be saved

Lying in the gutter, all covered over with beer
Pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came the glorious Airforce to save me from the hearse
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse

I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked alright
I turned from base to final, my God I pulled it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday spin instructions please

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (Cont'd)

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Heard a call from mobile, "Pull up and go around! "
I yanked that deuce up in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost spit, the gear came through the floor

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(17)

(Bless 'em all)

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Convair for building this jet
I know a man who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go right through the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

Through the wall, Through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

SHARECROP

(18)

(You are my sunshine).

You are my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop
You guide my fighters through skies of grey
I chase your bogies from here to Fargo
Just to find they went the other way

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard a Sharecrop controller say
I've got a bogie way down by Bismark
Won't you head your jet that-a-way

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Bismark and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope

You were my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swinging, they heard me singing
Won't you take my sharecrop away

THREE JOLLY PILOTS

(19)

Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel
Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel
Then they decided to
Then they decided to
Then they decided to.....
Have another brew or two

CHORUS: Drink, drink and let's be gay
Drink, drink and let's be gay
Drink, drink and let's be gay
Let's have another

For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober
For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober
Fades as the lilly fades
Fades as the lilly fades
Fades as the lilly fades
And dies by next October

But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow
But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow
Lives as he ought to live
Lives as he ought to live
Lives as he ought to live
And dies a happy fellow

BROWN MOUSE

(20)

Oh... The whiskey was spilt on the bar room floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When... Out of his hole crept a little brown mouse
And he sat in the pale moon light

He... licked up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And... all night long you could hear him shout
Bring on your goddam cat

O'LEARY'S BAR

(21)

Tw'as a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When the gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of these Airforce men, and how they come and go.
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar
So remember your sisters and mothers, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

SOMEBODY STOLE MY DRAWERS

(22)

(Somebody stole my gal)

Somebody stole my pants
I lost them at a dance
Somebody stole my panties from me
I didn't even
Know they were leaving

I miss my panties so
I'll catch a cold I know
Gee, if he could see
Me standing here in my brassiere
He'd bring my panties right back to me
Somebody stole my panties from me
Somebody stole my drawers

MINNIE THE MERMAID

(23)

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea
Down among the corals Minnie lost her morals,
Gee gut she was good to me
Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust
There were two twin beds and in only one of them us
Now you can easily see she's not my mother
Because my mother is forty-nine
And you can easily see she's not my sister
Cause I'd never show my sister such a helluva good time
And you can easily see she's not my sweetie
Cause my sweetie's too refined
She's just a slip of a kid who didn't care what she did
She's just a personal friend of mine,
Down by the boat house,
A personal friend of mine.

THE SOUSE FAMILY

(24)

Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk
Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk
Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight, Like I never got drunk before
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
For I am a member of the Souse family.

Now the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the highland Dutch and the low land Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the other Dam Dutch

Sing Glorious, sing Glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Oh, Glory be to God that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone. (Dama near)
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk
The lucky stiff....

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

(25)

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers blew six winders
Cheeks of her ass went
BAM! BAM! BAM!

PUSAN U

(26)

We were roaming 'round the country side, 'Twas down by Pusan Bay
We stopped into a local bar to pass the time away
I met a gal from old Chin Ju, She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from, and she said "Pusan U "

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The university that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
To you, Oh, Pusan U

I enrolled in that great college, Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets so they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific but fortune saw me through
So now I lift my glass to the school of Pusan U

I saw a girl most beautiful, she was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest, she was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood, Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame she says "Oh Pusan U "

We have an A-1 baseball team, we win our games right through
They ask us where we come from, and we say "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops, our batters are good too
And every time we come to bat the crowd yells "Pusan U"

PADDY MURPHY

(27)

The night that Paddy Murphy died
I never shall forget
The whole damned town got stinking drunk
And some ain't sober yet

The only thing they did that night
That filled my heart with fear
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it on the bear

That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed him their sorrow and their pride
That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy
Respect for Paddy Murphy on the night that Paddy died

Hooray for Paddy, Paddy, Hooray for Paddy
Someone's in the kitchen yelling Hooray for Paddy
Ein Schwei, Drei, Vier, Who's gonna buy the beer?
Hooray for Paddy, he's a damned swell guy

COMING DOWN THE HILL

(28)

Coming down the hill about a hundred miles an hour
When the chain on his bicycle broke
He was found in the grass with the handlebar up his ass
He was tickled to death by the spokes

DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE

(29)

They're digging up father's grave to make a sewer
They're going about the job at some expense
They're disturbing his remains
To put in four inch drains
To satisfy some local residents... Gor Blimey

So when they get the urge to deficate some
Father will return to right the wrong
He'll dress up in his white sheets
And haunt the ~~off~~house seats
And not a bloody one will stay for long... Gor Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation
And won't the bloody bastards rant and rave
They had so damn much nerve
They'll get what they deserve
For buggerin' up a British workman's grave.

BOOZIN BUDDIES

(30)

A Fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
We are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

Up in headquarters they scream and they shout
Bosom buddies while boozin
Talking of things they know nothing about
Bosom buddies while boozin

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE

(31)

Come on and join the Airforce, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study, and soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come on and join the Airforce and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train, If you're an Airforce flyer
Just about the time you get to general you'll find
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in, and you will never mind

You take it up and spin it, and with an awful tear
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in, but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit, But you will never mind

COME AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE (Cont'd)

While flying over the ocean you hear your engine spit
You watch the prop, come to a stop, the goddam thing has quit
The ship won't float, and you can't swim, the shore is far behind
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

While flying over Boston in an F-104
There's just one thing to remember, as I have said before
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will spit and git

And if some wiley Mig 19 should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and belly ache and call that bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk, and pretty soon you'll find
There is no hell and all is well, and you will never mind

PRANG EM ALL
(Bless em all)

(33)

There's an aircraft that's leaving today
Bound for a far distant shore
Heavily laden with browned off young men
Bound for a land they abhor

So we're saying goodbye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all
The long and the short and the tall
Prang all the blonds and the redheaded ones
Prang all the brunettes and their bastard sons
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to the barracks we crawl
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all
The long and the short and the tall
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

I WANTED WINGS
(Korean version)

(34)

I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore.
I don't want a tour in Korea that's sure
I've had a belly full of war
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, Buster,
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore

-(Cont'd)

I WANTED WINGS (Cont'd)

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
Migs always make me barf, my lunch
For me there's no hey-day screaming
"Bogies that-a-way"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
I would rather be home, Buster,
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore

AIR FORCE 806
(Wabash Cannonball)

(35)

Listen to the shudder, the rumble and the roar
I'm flying over Hibbing like I never flew before
Feel the mighty surge of the engine, pipe temp's, on the peg
I'd give a million dollars to have it on base leg

Mayday, Duluth tower, this is 806
I'm turning downwind and I'm in a fix
My engine's running on the peg my fire lights are red
You better call the crash crew and get them out of bed

Roger, Roger 806, this is Duluth tower
I cannot call the crash crew, cause this is coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
Take it on around again, we have SAC VIP

Mayday, Duluth tower, won't you answer me
For your information I'm landing on 23
I know I've got a fire in back, I think she's going to blow
I may buy this 102 so look out down below

Mayday, Duluth tower, 806 on base
I cannot get my gear down, they won't come down in place
I'm going to buy this 102 no matter what they say
But I'll never have the form-1 fixed before the judgement day

Greetings Air Force 806, this is judgement day
You're in pilot's heaven and you're here to stay
You just bought a 102 and you bought it well
But the famous Air Force 806 was sent straight down to hell

ODE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER
(Money rolls in)

(36)

You ought to be dead you old bastard
You ought to be damned well shot
You ought to be tied to the floor of a ~~ow~~house
And left there to damned will rot

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours
I've stuck it as long as I could
I've stuck it and stuck it so now I say ram it
My ass hole's not made out of wood

ON TOP OF OLD PYONG-YANG
(On Top Of old Smokey)

(37)

On top of old Pyong-Yang
All covered with flack
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never be back

For flying's a pleasure
And dying's a grief
And a quick triggered commie
is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered commie
will send you to your grave

Now the grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not one commie in a thousand
Can a poor pilot trust

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
We will all hear
This horrible sound

Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss

They'll give us a lecture
They'll give us some more
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more

Attention all trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop

On top of old Fuji
All covered with snow
I lost my ~~jet~~ pilot
For flying too low

He put on an airshow
He did it for me
At altitude zero
He clobbered a tree

With thròttle wide open
He made his last pass
On top of old Fuji
He busted his ass

"G" Suits AND PARACHUTES
(Bell Bottom Trousers)

(38)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, Her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her and this to her did say
If you have a daughter put ribbon in her hair
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

(14)

There was 97 aircraft parked upon the apron
There wasn't any room you could see
Now the first 96 were of modern construction
And the last was an 86D

The first 47 were reserved for the majors
And the captains had the last 49
There was one more ship at the end of the apron
And the last ship on the line

It was old 97 and her fuselage was rusty
And her wings were warped and bent
She saged in the meddle like a cow in the pasture
Like a cow that was quite content

Now a 2nd lieutenant walked into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
Young man, they said, we're mighty short of aircraft
But we'll see what we can do

It was old 97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
She creaked and she groaned as he started up her engine
For she knew that her end was near

He flew over Duluth and west to Fargo
Till the mist began to fall
Till it settled right down on the tops of the mountain
And he couldn't see a thing at all

He turned to the left and he ran into a snowstorm
So he turned back to the right
When he spotted a railroad running in his direction
And he ended his last long flight

It was old 97 her nose in a mountain
And her wheels were on the track
Her throttle bent in a forwardly direction
And her engine was pointed back

Now listen to me all you Air Force ladies
Listen to this tale of woe
Never speak harsh words to your aviator boyfriend
He may leave you and never come back

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL
(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

(40)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force has gone to hell

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL (Cont'd)

CHORUS: Glory flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The Air Force has gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the mighty wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force has gone to hell

I have seen them in their sabres when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their mach one power dives that added to their fame
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell

They flew F-86's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell

Yes, the ancient flying 80 and the fighting sabre too
once ruled the bloody Yalu with their contrails in the blue
But now the sky is empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard their pounding fifties blaze from nose of polished steel
The purring of their sabre was a song your heart could feel
But now the T-bird charms you with it's moaning groaning squeal
And it won't climb for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder and the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force has gone to hell

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK
(Strip Polka)

(41)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the takeoff as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated desk

Four times he's led us up there and he's always led us back
For he circled over the I.P. as we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."
The man behind the armor plated desk

When the target's sighted who inspires our attack?
Who says "Hundreds may go in, lads, but a few aren't coming back."
Who says "We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flack"
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over and debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over but not a pilot you will see
For they'll all be at the "O" club with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"

EARLY ABORT
(McNamarra's Band)

(42)

Oh, my name is Col. _____, I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my breifing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the commies fly and where they like to roam
I'll be the last one to take off, The first one to come home.

CHORUS: Early abort avoid the rush
Early abort avoid the rush
Early abort avoid the rush
The _____ on parade

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things that they can do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilot's, they are ready, but let their leader shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My gyros won't check out!"

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s a million miles an hour
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody shower
And we fly so bloody fast, it fills us with alarm
Loose a bloody rivet and you've surely bought the farm

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s at 90,000 feet
We fly them through the rain and fog and through the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're feeling awfully low
Loose the cabin pressure and it'll be an awful blow

And now I'm sure you know of all the leaders in the wing
Any night in the "O" club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a helluva war, they say they want to fly too
But you give them half a chance to fly and here's what they will do

But now there's no war going on and we're all in the U.S.A.
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say
But if we have another war, and they send us overseas
To hell with all the general staffs, to hell with those S.O.B.s

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(43)

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fixcus
And they'll call out the goddam reserves
CHORUS:

Call out, call out
Call out the goddam reserves, reserves
Call out, call out
Oh, Call out the goddam reserves

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists all go to Korea
The regulars all stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the goddam reservists
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call out the goddam reservists
Whenever the spit hits the fan

Fight on, fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on
Fight on, fight on
Regular Air Force fight on

There once was a maiden named Adeline Guff
 Said "Faith and begorra, I must have a Stuff
 I can't lay here farting and just passing gas."
 So she ups the window and hoists out her ass

CHORUS: It was brown, brown stufffalling down
 Brown, brown stuff all around
 It was brown, brown shit falling down
 His life it was ruined by stuff, stuff, stuff, stuff!

A certain young copper was pounding his beat
 You could tell it was him by the sound of his feet
 When all of a sudden he looks up in the sky
 And a dirty brown ~~ball~~ hit him right in the eye

This certain young copper he cursed and he swore
 And he called A deline a dirty old whore
 By London bridge you can still see him sit
 With a sign hanging over him, "Blinded by stuff."

OUR OUTHOUSE

(45)

Please don't burn our ~~stout~~ house down
 Mother has promised to pay
 Father's on the ocean waves
 Kate's in the family way
 Brother dear has gonorrhoea
 Times are ~~doggone~~ hard
 So please don't burn our ~~stout~~ house down
 Or we'll have to crap in the yard

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

(46)

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

My father makes beer in the bath tub
 My mother makes three kinds of gin
 My sister makes love for a living
 My God, how the money rolls in

I've an uncle who was a nightwatchman
 Who spent all his night in a pit
 He used to come home in the morning
 All covered all over with spit

CHORUS: Rolls in, Rolls in
 My God how the money rolls in rolls in
 Rolls in, Rolls in
 My God how the money rolls in

One night was so dark and so stormy
 When uncle went down to the pit
 The wind went and blew out his candle
 And uncle fell down in the spit

My brother's a poor missionary
 Wot saves pure young maidens from sin
 He'll save you a blond for ten dollars
 My God how the money rolls in

Poor uncle has never recovered
 From his accident down in the pit
 His funeral takes place tomorrow
 He'll be buried in six feet of spit

ON A STUMP

(47)

He laid her ass upon a stump
 He laid her ass upon a stump
 He laid her ass upon a stump
 SLOWLY: And... then... he...
 FAST: Missed her ass and hit the stump
 Missed her ass and hit the stump
 HA HA HA HO HO HO... HORSE CRAP:

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS

(48)

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Hipopotamus so it seems
Very seldom has wet dreams
But when he does it comes in streams
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass
Mamma armadillo has an iron bound ass
But papa armadillo has a thing of brass
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Way down south where the alligators roar
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
Because all the alligators are so sore
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Now the donkey on the common is a jolly old bloke
He very seldom gets his poke
But when he does, he lets it soak
As we revel in the joys of copulation

NELLIE DARLING

(49)

Oh, your asshole's like a stove pipe, Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
You're the ugliest doggone bitch I've ever seen

There's a million crabs abounding round your privates
When you pee, you pee a stream as green as grass
There's enough was in your ear to make a candle
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass

SIDNEY SPECIAL

(50)

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
And Wednesday after mess, I lifted up her dress
And Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey
Friday I put me hand upon it
Saturday she gave me ball a tweak
And it was Sunday after supper, I slipped the whole thing up her
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey
I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around Picadilly underground
Living off the earnings of a high class laydie
Don't want a bullet up me arshole, Don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England, Jolly Jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor Blimey
Call out the members of the home guard, They'll make life worthwhile
Call out the royal Territorials, They'll face dangers with a smile
Call out the army and the navy, they'll keep England free
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother
But for Christ's sake don't call me

O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

(51)

As I was sitting in O'Riley's tavern
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter

CHORUS:

Fiddle dee ie ee, fiddle de ie oo
Fiddle dee ie ee, for the one ball Riley
Rig a jig jig sing balls and all
Rub a dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the tit
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged till the fun was over

Came a knock upon my door
Who should it be but her one ball father
Two horse pistols in his hands
looking for the guy who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the ball
I shoved his head in a pail of water
Rammed those pistols up his ass
A helluva lot faster than I shagged his daughter

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
(Shout and point) There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch
The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

(52)

An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied
That he had a girl with a thing so wide
That she could never be satisfied

So he built a thing of steel
Driven by a great bloody wheel
Two brass balls he filled with cream
And the whole doggon' issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the thing of steel
Until at last the maiden cried
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
The maid was torn from ass to tit
And the whole doggon' issue was covered with

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses
Covered all over over from head to toe
Covered all over with ... spit

Passengers will please refrain
 From flushing toilets while the train
 Is standing in the station I love you
 As we go strolling in the park
 And goosing statues in the park
 If Sherman's horse can take it why can't you

You're the gut that did the pushing
 Put the wet spots on my cushion
 Foot prints on the dash board upside down
 Every since you met my daughter
 She's had trouble passing water
 Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
 Put the wet spots on your cushion
 Foot prints on the dashboard upside down
 Since I've met your daughter Venus
 I've had trouble with my penis
 Wish I'd never seen your goddam town

NO BALLS AT ALL

(54)

Gather you rounders and listen to me
 I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee
 It's about a young maiden so fair and so tall
 Who married a man who had no balls at all... WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,
 She married a man who had no balls at all

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed
 Her cheeks were all rosey her lips were all red
 She reached for his things, his things was small
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Mother, dear mother, I wish I were dead
 I'll go to my grave with my own maidenhead
 My future is slender, my hopes they are small
 For I've married a man who has no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,
 For I've married a man who has no balls at all

Daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad
 I had the same trouble when I married your dad
 But many's the flyer who will answer the call
 Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all
 She married a man who had no balls at all

Continued next page

NO BALLS AT ALL (Cont'd)

Now this young maid took her mother's advice
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice
And a bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all... WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all

Now the babe was examined that very same night
By a doctor who swore he examined it right
And the thing that he found most peculiar of all
Was, the babe had a thing, but no balls at all....WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all
The babe had a thing, but no balls at all

OLD MAN'S LAMENT

(55)

Now I'm old and feeble, my pilot light is out
What used to be my sex appeal is now my water spout
I used to be embarrassed, to make the thing behave
For every single morning it would stand and watch me shave
But now I'm growing older, and sure it gives me blues
To have the thing hang down my leg and watch me shine my shoes.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

(56)

Roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean
If I were a whale, I'd teach them the motion

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a bunny. I'd teach them bad habits

I wish all the girls were like B-29s
And I a pursuit ship, I'd buzz their behinds

I wish all the girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper, I'd bang them for hours

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style

MY GAL'S A CORKER

(57)

My gal's a corker, she's a New Yorker
I buy her everything to keep her in style
She wears my coveralls, I stand and freeze my balls
Hey, boys, that's where my money goes

She's got a pair of legs, just like two whiskey kegs
She's got a pair of hips, just like a battleship
She's got a hairy runt, just like an elephant
She wears silk underwear, I wear my G.I. pair
She's got a pair of tits, just like two boxing mits

I'M LOOKING UNDER (*I'm Looking Over*)

(58)

I'm looking under a dress and wonder
Why I haven't looked before
First comes the ankles, then comes the knees
Then comes the panties that sway in the breeze
No use explaining the thing remaining, is something we all adore
I'm looking under a dress and wonder
Why I haven't looked before

HI JIG A JIG

(59)

CHORUS: Singing.....

Hi Jig-a-jiggy, frap a little piggy sideways, (Scush Scush)
My ideal woman is a big fat girl... whiz bang... some stick
Two dollafs you pay, for a bang up each way
and a tune on a spanish guitar, Plink Plank Plunk

The captain he rides in a motorboat
The admiral rides in a gig
It won't go a goddam bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

We all may be dead tomorrow
No one gives a flip but our wives
Let's drink and get royally plastered
And enjoy what we can of our lives

Oh, the sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He tried to make love to the Sphinx
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice
Was clogged by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the humps on the cammel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

I LOVE MY WIFE

(60)

I love my wife, (yes I do, yes I do) I love her true
I love the hole she pee pees through
I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits
And the hair around her butthole
I'd eat her stuff, chompety chomp, chompety chomp
With a rusty spoon

SOUTH OF THE NAVEL

(61)

South of the navel, down testicle way
That's where the battle's won when my big gun comes into play
The doctor's have warned me, that I mustn't stray
South of the navel, down testicle way

Now she smiled as she kissed my banana, never dreaming that I was farting
And I smiled as she kissed my banana, for my banana never came

South of the navel, down testicle way
That's where I got the bug, as on the rug I had my lay
No more shall I wander, No more shall I stray
South of the navel, down testicle way

TOGETHER

(62)

We both got drunk, together
Took off our junk, together
Lay in a bunk, together
But it was no joke when the rubber broke

Now we have twins, together
For we have sinned, together
Now, take it from me, keep good company
And keep both your legs together

OLD GREY BUSTLE

(63)

Put on your old grey bustle and get your fanny in a hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in the clover, let the boys look it over
If you can't get five, take two.

Put on your old pink panties, that used to be your aunties
And we'll go for a tussle in the hay
Now there's no use running cause you're gonna get some funning
In the good old fashioned way

Put on your old grey corset, if it won't fit we'll force it
For the fleet's coming in today
As the bees make honey, let your ass make some money
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment, to the crab's disappointment
And take a shower once or twice a day
Though it burns and itches, it will kill these sons-of-bitches
In the good old fashioned way.

SAMMY SMALL

(64)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, prang em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, prang em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball
But it's better than none at all, prang em all

Oh, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all
Oh, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all
Oh, they say I shot a man dead with a silly piece of lead
Now the silly fellow's dead, prang em all

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing from a silly piece of string
What a silly frapping thing, prang em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, prang em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope, prang em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope with a silly piece of soap
What a silly crumping joke, prang em all

SAMMY SMALL (Cont'd)

Oh, the parson, he will come, prang em all
Oh, the parson, he will come, prang em all
Oh, the parson, he will come with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung, prang em all

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too with all his silly crew
They've got nothing else to do, prang em all

Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all
Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all
Oh, he'll wear his silly mask for his silly crumping task
Wh-t a silly frapping ass, prang em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and it made me feel so proud
That I shouted right out loud, prang em all

PLEASE DON'T PUT YOUR PANTS ON

(65)

Please don't put your pants on
We haven't said goodnight
For two or three more hours
I'm going to try with all my might
You and your virtue, honey
I'm not going to hurt you
Please don't put your pants on
Because we haven't said goodnight

THE WHIFFENPOOF'S SONG

(66)

From the tables down at Mauries
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes the magic of their singing, and the songs we love so well
"Am I wasting" and "Mayooning" and the rest
We will serenade our Louie, while life and love shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest
We're poor little lambs
Who have lost our way
Baa, Baa, Baa
We're little black sheep
Who have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa

Gentlemen flyers off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
Lord, have mercy on such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa.

THE AIR FORCE SONG

(67)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At an boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive spouting our flame from under
Off with one heluva roar
We live in fame or go down in flame
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of men who love the vastness of the sky
To them we send the message of their brother men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we dive to scare the rainbow's pot of gold
Here's a toast to the host of men who The U.S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild sky under
Keep your wings level and true
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue
Fighting men, guarding our nation's borders
We'll be there followed by more
In echelon we'll carry on
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

RAVISHED

(68)

He grasped me by my slender neck, I could not call or scream
He took me to his dingy room, where we could not be seen
He tore off all my flimsy wraps and gazed upon my form
I was so very cold and damp, and he so hot and warm
He pressed me to his eager lips, I could not make him stop
He drained me of my very life, I gave him my last drop
He made me what I am today, that's why you see me here.
A broken bottle thrown away, that once was full of beer

ALICE BLUE GOWN

(69)

In her sweet little Alice blue gown
The first time she lay on the ground
She was bashful and shy
When she opened my fly
And the first time she saw it
I thought she would die

It went up and wouldn't go down
Until I finally had her on the ground
I shoved it and shoved it
My God how she loved it
Underneath her Alice blue gown

BLUE HEAVEN

(70)

A turn to the right, a little red light
will lead you to my Blue Heaven
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case
A form devine
She's just a whore, she's been had before
But now she's mine
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three
We're careful in my Blue Heaven

MANILA POM-POM SONG

(71)

(Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola)

Have you ever been in the Philippines?
The place is full of pom-pom queens
The clap is bad but the syph is worse,
So flub your dub for safety first.

CHORUS: Singing rum and coca-cola
Come down to old Manila
Both mother and daughter
Working for the yankee dollar

The women with their dirty feet
Walk up and down Manila street
They come up close and whisper low
"How about a little pom-pom, Joe?"

The Philippine pimp is very smart,
He gets his dough before you start.
The pom-pom there is very nice,
But twenty pesos is a hulluva price

AFTER THE BALL

(72)

After the ball was over,
Mary took out her glass eye,
Put her peg leg in the corner,
Hung up her false hair to dry,
Put her false teeth in a tumbler,
Hung her wax tit on the wall.
Not much was left of Mary—
After the ball.

LAST NIGHT I HELD A LITTLE HAND
(Genevieve)

(73)

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat.
I thought my heart would surely break,
So loudly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring,
Than the hand I held last night...
Four aces and a king.

WEST MICHIGAN STREET
(Isle of Capri)

(74)

'Twas on west Michigan Street that I met her
She was drunk, and her name was Marie
She wispered so no one could hear her,
"Would you like to come upstairs with me?"

Her eyes were as blue as the ocean,
Her lips were of a very deep hue,
I slipped twenty bucks in her pocket,
Took my place at the end of the queue.

T'was only a few minuets later,
That I went to her small room above,
And there for a very brief moment,
I partook of that poplular love.

When I awoke the next morning,
I was worried, as worried as could be,
For that very brief moment of pleasure
Had been, oh, so costly to me.

Now the moral of this little story
Is plain, as maybe you'll see
If you ever go down into Duluth,
Stay away from west Michigan Street

IT'S TRAGIC

(75)

You sigh, your teeth fall out
You smile, and I smell sauerkraut
It's tragic
The birds desert the air
And rush to nestle in your hair
It's tragic

IF YOU FLY AN '89'

(76)

If you fly an Eighty-nine,
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind,
For your life ain't worth a dime--
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

If you fly a Ninety-four,
You will never holler more,
For your lot we do pine,
But it's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS: Did you go boom today?
Did you go boom today?
Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks,
Bouncing those subsonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

Final chorus is the same as above but end with : "We fly GEEEEeeee!!

THOSE SWINGING DOORS

(77)

'Twas a Saturday night ~~on the old~~ Air Force Base,
The barroom was merry and gay
And far from this laughter a mother did wait
For Pop to come home with his pay

"Oh, Mother, dear Mother, oh, where can he be?"
The daughter exclaimed through her tears
The mother replied, "I'm sadly afraid,
Your father has stopped for some beers."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out
While some pass in and others pass out
Your father, I fear, has his nose in some beer,
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors

"Now I shall go fetch him," the daughter did say,
"He shant bring disgrace to our name"
So straightway she went to the Officer's Club
To save her poor father from shame.

"Oh Father, dear Father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two.
The rent's to be paid and I'm sadly afraid,
You'll spend alloo your money for brew."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,
While some pass in and others pass out.
Through the smoke and the haze, there stands Pop in a daze
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors.

Each Saturday night ~~on the old~~ Air Force Base,
The pilots come in with their gold
And Father blows in all his wages for gin,
And Nellie goes home in the cold.

"Oh, Mother," She wailed, "my mission I've failed,
My father will ne'er mend his ways."
The mother replied, "It's always the same,
It's always the woman who pays."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,
While some pass in and others pass out.
The story is told of a fool and his gold,
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors.

WE FLY DEUCES (Bye-Bye Blackbirds)

(78)

Here we stand down on the ground	No one here can penetrate a bumper
We can't fly when there's clouds around	You should hear the bull spit down air
We fly Deuces	hands us
Go in fast and come out slow,	Mix those drinks and mix em right
Hit a cloud and down we go,	Because we're standing down tonight,
We fly Deuces	Deuces we fly

MY DARLING 102

(79)

(My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of my fighter,
Trying hard to go mach two,
But, alas, my engine faltered,
Fare thee well, my 102.

When you're spinning very flatly,
And you've got a worried mind,
That's all, brother, hit the jumpsack,
Bid farewell to your 102.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling 102
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well, my 102

All the brass hats in our congress,
They have signed the dotted line,
They are lucky, they just bought it,
And don't fly the 102.

JET PILOTS IN THE SKY

(80)

(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A 102 got airborne one dark and windy day
And as he raised the landing gear you could hear the pilot pray,
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,
Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, till I'm safely on the ground.

CHORUS: Yippi i yah, Yippi i yay
Jet pilots in the sky

And as our Deuces leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,
Our pilots all may go through hell, but they fly them just the same,
The crew chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fly, to live up to their name,
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on in fame.
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,
They cuss and cry, live and die-- jet pilots in the sky.

U.S. CHAIR FORCE SONG

(81)

(Air Force Song)

3rd verse

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Diving deep into the drawer.
Here it is, buried away down under,
The record we've been searching for.
Off we go, into the CO's office,
Where we get one helluva roar.
We live in miles of paper files,
Nothing will stop the U.S. Chair Force.

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Keep the margins level and true.
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the glue
Office men, guarding the paper blizzard,
We'll be there, followed by more.
With dictionary, we're stationary--
For nothing can move the U.S. Chair Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who slave
with feet on desks so high.
To a friend we will send a message of
the trials of the swivel-chair guy.
We type and file, and though we have no prop
We're in a spin or else we blow our top.
So, a toast to the host of the men who coast--
The U.S. Chair Force.

ROTC

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(32)

Oh, take down your service flag mother,
Your son is as safe as can be.
Oh, take down your service flag mother,
Your son's in the ROTC....

CHORUS: R..O..R..O..

Your son's in the ROTC....TC.

R..O..R..O..

Your son's in the ROTC

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE MISTRESS

(33)

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Just like the ones I used to know.
With lips empassioned and charms unrationed,
And thighs that glisten like the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
The kind that the Arabs do not know.
For though colors may change at night,
Yet, may all my mistresses be white.

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Unmarred by wind or dust or sun.
Like a supple willow, with breasts to pillow
My tired head when day is done.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Who's neither yellow, tan, nor black,
But dreaming's not any fun, so
Knock it off and let's all hit the sack.

